

TROY HERALD.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 2, 1873.

THOS. D. FISHER, Editors.
JOS. A. MUDD,

Move the Capital.

Away off in one corner of this vast country, extending from the Gulf to the lakes, and from the Atlantic to the golden shores of the West, to say nothing of frozen Alaska, there stands a city, small in virtues and great in name—the capital of the American government—that, notwithstanding senators, representatives, lobbyists and visitors, annually scatter their pin money throughout its narrow domain, is not able to take care of itself, and has to make a call on Congress every year for a little appropriation. In the legislature (it has a legislature, too), of the District of Columbia on the 23d ult., one of the members (it is not stated what block or part of a block he represents) created considerable excitement by declaring that he had the figures to show that the debt of the District was over \$15,000,000, and unless Congress made them a donation, bankruptcy was inevitable. It is also said that developments will be made soon that will startle the residents of that little city amazingly, showing how millions of dollars formerly voted by Congress for the improvement of Washington have been spent, which will doubtless prove a young Credit Mobilier. Go on with your developments, gentlemen, and let the people see where you have put the money that has been given your city. If you are going to charge the good people of this country so much for allowing them to hold their national legislature in your little pent-up, out-of-the-way city, we suggest that it be moved farther West, away from the contaminating influences that appear to infest Washington.

One James H. Parker, who claims to be a yankee and full of yankee prejudice, and who hails from Ellensburg, Pa., says it isn't true that Hon. Jeff. Davis was disguised when he was captured, and that he defies any person to find a single officer or soldier who was present at the capture who will say upon honor that Mr. Davis was disguised in woman's clothes, or that his wife acted any ways unladylike. The whole thing was gotten up as a joke, and the conscientious Parker at this late day is unwilling that the lie should be handed down as history, so writes an article for the Portland (Me.) Argus giving the truth. He says Mr. Davis did have over his shoulders a water-proof article of clothing like a "flavelock," that he wore a hat and did not carry a pall, bucket, or kettle in any way, and that Mrs. Davis did not say to any person that her husband might hurt somebody if he got exasperated. And yet the officers and soldiers who captured him, and the government that was not satisfied with the indignities that were heaped upon Mr. Davis, have let this slander remain without denial, and it will go down to future generations as a part of the "truthful" history of the late war. If the Puritan fathers had instilled the love of truth, instead of hate and fanaticism, in the hearts of early "Deown Easters," the "history of the rebellion" generally as written by the descendants of the May-flower party, would present a less disgusting face.

Oregon is in a dilemma, or rather the Republican party of that state is. They have elected a senator who turns out to be a rake and a bigamist, and although he was elected as one Mitchell, he sports at least one alias, that of Hippie. The Republicans don't know what to do; they would like to demand his resignation or expulsion, but in that event the Governor, who is a Democrat, would doubtless appoint a Democrat to fill his place. Subsequent events will develop whether the Republican party of that state prefer a rake, bigamist and what-not of their own choosing to an honest Democrat appointed by the Governor.

BOILED ALIVE.—C. W. Cullen, proprietor of the hotel and hot springs, in Washoe county, Va., fell into the spring on the 12th inst. The water is so hot that it will cook an egg in two minutes. He was in the water about half a minute, and when his clothes were taken off, the greater part of the skin slipped from his body. His recovery the physician thought would be little short of a miracle.

Closing Exercises of Nineveh School.

Editors Herald: On Friday evening the 30th inst., quite a sensation was created at Nineveh, in the shape of an exhibition by the school at that place. The examination of students was concluded about 8 o'clock in the afternoon which proved both satisfactory and interesting beyond the expectation of any one, except the teacher, (Miss Agnes Moseley) whose efforts as a professional teacher had been crowned with success.

A large arbor had been erected in the front of the school room, and preparation made for the reception of quite a large audience, Miss Agnes displaying great energy and much taste in decorating the stage for the occasion, and preparing the students in order that the entertainment might be highly interesting. Just before nightfall the crowd began to assemble—on foot, on horseback, in buggies; the cry was, "where did they all come from?" Soon the seats were all filled, and houses and wagons were ransacked for chairs, and the cry was, "still they come." And they did come until seats could not be supplied for all.

At early candle light the curtain rose, presenting to view the school arrayed in snowy white, the children looking their very prettiest. They entertained the audience with songs appropriate for the occasion. Space will not permit a lengthy detail of the programme which consisted of a series of declamations, dialogues, and tableaux, but there were some acts on the programme performed with so much skill and talent, that praise is justly due the actors.

The paper reading by Mr. Clay Moseley and Miss Bettie Wilson was amusing and entertaining. The model school conducted by Miss Aggie Wells was very amusing, Miss Aggie performing her part as instructor to perfection. The little girls' play room was a success, such a display of childish innocence and glee, each in its appropriate place and performing it without the least hesitation or embarrassment whatever. We must say that the representations of Aunt Peabody by Miss Susie Christian, and that of Mrs. Partington by Miss Sallie Moseley, was done to perfection. In the mission of the spirits all eyes became riveted on the stage. With such soft melancholy tones did each messenger make known its mission, that the minds of the audience were chained to the spot. The cooling of the dove could not have been more gentle. The church organ by Miss Aggie Wells was done to perfection, and we trust that Miss Aggie may ever see to "read her titles clear," without the use of that instrument, the organ.

The charade composed of three syllables created much laughter and amusement. Miss Lida Moseley made an able defense of female suffrage; her language was so impressive that a young gentleman was heard to ask "is she in earnest, or jesting?" Miss Lida has great control of her voice, and in her representation of the maniac, displayed a degree of skill not often surpassed by those who are accustomed to enact the scenes of the stage. Master Jeffie Elmore deserves much praise for his many witty sayings which amused the audience very much.

The declamations by D. F. Reed and others were very good. All the parts of the exhibition were so agreeably entertaining as to command the entire attention of the audience. Perfect order was maintained, and all seemed to be highly delighted with the entertainment. Altogether the exhibition was a perfect success. Many thanks are due to Nineveh for the kindness and hospitality shown the attendants on that occasion. The hearts of many children have been made glad and happy, and the 30th was a day to be long and fondly remembered by them.

Yours truly, JAKE.

It is no uncommon thing on picking up an exchange to find accounts of the exploits of swindling patent agents. The "hay rake" man, the "seed cleaner" and the "patent churn" man are on their rounds, and if accounts be true, they are reaping a rich harvest among the unwary. Our county has been but little troubled with them, yet we can call to mind some of our citizens who know, to their cost, the success of the stratagems of these land pirates. Inventors can always dispose of their medicines, the right to use them or the territory to sell them, in a legitimate way. It will always be found safe to refrain from signing any paper whatever in the hands of a stranger seeking to sell a patent, right, or to pay money until the articles have been sold, proved satisfactory, and the agent found to be reliable.

A remarkable stone has been found in Oswego county, N. Y., which is said to be naturally engraved with "perfect resemblances of a miniature crown, a black-and tan dog, the head of an owl, and other remarkable phenomena." If this combination of imperalism, dogmatism, and wisdom do not point directly towards the ambitious projects of President Grant, then we have no skill at reading hieroglyphics.

The Troy Dispatch and the Lincoln County Herald have consolidated and will hereafter be known as the Troy Herald. One of the editors will fish(er) up the news and the other will make it clear as mud.—Louisiana Press.

The Lincoln County Herald and the Troy Dispatch have consolidated and assumed the title of the Troy Herald. Mr. Theodore Fisher and Dr. J. A. Mudd, editors. The consolidation in a business point of view will be successful, and the united talents of the talented editors will give Lincoln county one of the best papers in the state.—Mexico Leader.

Our friends Fisher and Mudd of the Herald and Dispatch at Troy, have done a sensible thing. They have merged their two papers into one, and call it the Troy Herald, retaining the form and size of the Dispatch. The new paper will possess all the merits of the two old ones, and cost its patrons only half as much. We hope to see this plan followed up by other publishers in places where they are too thick to thrive.—Montgomery Standard.

The Herald and Dispatch of Troy, Lincoln county, Mo., have consolidated, and appears on our table this week as the Troy Herald. The consolidation has enabled the publishers, Messrs. Fisher and Mudd, to make needed improvements in the mechanical appearance of the paper. May a double portion of success attend their united efforts.—Ralls County Record.

LYNCHED.—Franklin county, in this state, seems determined to be ahead in the list of counties that execute the law according to the decrees of that terrible Judge Lynch. On the 17th a horse thief was lynched there, and on the 21st a piece of colored stinkfist named Geo. Fields, who on the morning of that day ravished a white girl named Lizzie Huckle at Augusta, was hanged by a mob. We are opposed to lynch law, but we are bound to say this negro libertine is now where he ought to be.

An article has been adopted by the Pennsylvania Constitutional Convention, providing that members of the General Assembly shall take an oath after their term of office has expired, to the effect that they have not been thieves and have not been bribed.

A. T. Stewart of New York is so far recovered in health as to travel short distances, but has not yet attempted to resume business.

In Memoriam.
Drowned, near Falmouth, Mo., June 12, 1873, Charles Sitton, aged 20 years, 9 months and 16 days. "In the midst of life we are in death." How true in this instance! Leaving home in the best of health, in a few hours he was returned ready for the grave.

When death invades the family circle by disease, gradually loosens the cords of life and takes from us much loved friends, there is much sorrow, but when without a thought or note of warning, life dearest object, the pride of a family is snatched from us, how terrible the blow! Mr. Sitton was a young man of many noble qualities and the favorite of a large circle of friends. He was just entering upon manhood, having not yet attained his majority, with buoyant prospects and ardent hopes for the future when he was hurried into eternity by an unexpected and untimely death.

"What a world were this:
How unendurable its weight, if they
Whom death hath sundered did not meet again."

The bereaved family have the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community in their irreparable loss. May the Lord in his infinite mercy sustain them in their great sorrow. W.

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W. C. VAN HORNE,
General Superintendent, St. Louis.
F. B. GROUT,
Gen'l Passenger and Ticket Ag't, St. Louis,
July 2, 1873.

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